

# SPOOK SHACK +1

BIWEEKLY STORY #176

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**“Um... Wait, so am I functionally a member or an honorary member?”**

The question was one that had come up back during a Spook Shack meeting a few weeks prior. With a mission that would take them into Lemnian Hollow looming at the time, Belle had been wondering what the nature of her relationship to the rest of the online club was actually defined as. She *was* their Proxy after all, but she wasn't technically a member of the forum or anything like that. It hadn't been a *serious* question or anything, she'd just been curious for the sake of it.

**“Do you wanna be an official member? I think I can add you with my admin privileges?”** Yuzuha had offered her membership status at the time, and she'd accepted it so long as her civilian account was the one added and not the actual Phaethon account. **“Okay! I'll add you the next time I remember! Which hopefully won't be too long!”** It had been a funny thing to say. It was a little less funny when Belle remembered that the conversation had happened *weeks prior* again.

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**“I guess she forgot? I wonder if I should text her about it...”** In all fairness to Yuzuha, Belle's memory on the matter hadn't been any better. It wasn't like getting added to Spook Shack's member list was a big deal. She'd just been scrolling the Interknot on her phone back in her room at Yunkui Summit one night when the thought had crossed her mind. **“Well, it isn't really that serious. I'll just bring it up next time I see her!”**



And that was enough scrolling for the evening! She'd been lounging around in her favorite outfit from back home since she didn't need to be in her uniform on her days off, but she still had to get into her pajamas if she was going to bed! So, she turned off the phone and placed it on her bed to make it easier to get up. No sooner than she *did* stand, however, her phone let out a buzz. **"Another notif?"** It was probably nothing. A like on her post, or maybe Vivian bugging her about their plans when she visited her the next day.

But it wasn't either of those things. It was a notification that she had been added to an online community. Spook Shack? **"Oh! I guess Yuzuha *did* remember on her own!"** Somehow she felt like it was more likely that *Alice* had remembered and made her do it, though. **"Weird timing. Honestly, she couldn't have timed it better if she tried!"** Coincidences like that happened all the time, so Belle didn't really think too

much about it.

Yet, she hadn't looked at *who* had added her to the group. It wasn't Yuzuha, and it wasn't a member name she would have even recognized.

Maybe she *should* have investigated things a little more closely, but at the time she had simply glanced at the notification from afar, since her phone was upright on the bed and *she* was standing. She had been getting ready to get changed, after all, and so she wasn't really focused on much as she slid open the drawer she kept her bedtime attire within. A simple shirt and shorts would be fine, so she pulled them out and placed them on the bed *beside* her phone.

In the time it had taken her to do all of that, at least since the notification on her phone had gone off, something *strange* had begun to happen to Belle that was both bizarre and unexpected. If you glanced at the blue in her hair, wasn't it beginning to look a little *faded*? Not in the sense that it was turning silver like an old woman, it was more like the blue was just becoming washed out so that it was a dully... violet? Blue wasn't that far from purple, but wasn't that still too much of a departure?

Well, it was more than just the color that had begun to differ in the first place. The length and thickness of this hair slowly changed too, but the slowly increasing weight as the purple hair wavyly crept down her back was *immediately* noticeable to her, perhaps because of how slowly it was happening. Even though the bangs that hung between her eyes had inched into a longer wave in plain sight, the idea that her hair might be

transforming at all was such a surreal idea that it didn't really cross her mind.

And yet, she was forced to grapple with the realization that *something* was wrong the moment she laced her fingers underneath her shirt and went to pull it up and over her head. "***Eh? What's going on here?***" Because as she lifted it toward her head and got the base over her eyes? It got caught on something around her chest. That occasionally happened when her bra got caught, but because she'd had the day off and had been lounging around her room, she hadn't bothered to wear one.

She gave it a few quick tugs upwards in quick succession to no avail before finally dropping the shirt down again so she could try and see the issue. *It certainly wasn't a difficult problem to identify.* "***WHOA!?***" No sooner than she had lowered the shirt past her eyes did it occur to the young woman that she couldn't... see all that much, at least not past her *chest* – which was kind of the issue! She was supposed to have a pair of perky C-cups that weren't *too* big upon her body of otherwise average size.

And yet, her view of her feet had become *entirely* obscured by a pair of *G-cups* that were being gripped uncomfortably tight by the top half of her shirt. Her nipples were rock hard, their shapes clearly visible through the fabric, and in a panic she reached up to grope them. "***How!? My tits are huge! Huhu...!?***" She cut herself off from making any further noise for a second. Why had she giggled in such a creepy way all of a sudden!?

"***I... What's happening to me...?***" There was a strain to Belle's voice like she was uncomfortable. She was *already* dealing with her shirt hugging her oversized tits so tightly, but the strain in her voice worsened courtesy of an area of her body that was a little *farther down*. Her panties had begun to dig *into* the crack of her ass while sliding a way down her cheeks, and it was only by arching her back that she could get a better view of— "***Ugh...***" Even then, any unnecessary movement felt more *exhausting* than normal. Like her body was... *worn down*?

That was hardly the thought at the top of her mind as she looked behind her, though. After the growth of her breasts, she had briefly wondered if other aspects of her body would change in a similar way. And so, she wasn't necessarily *surprised* to see that the cheeks of her ass had burgeoned out a number of inches behind her, giving her lower body a natural heart shape that her hips had forcibly been parted to adapt to within a skirt that was being pulled to its limit. Feeling the legging on her left leg grow tighter around her thigh, she reached down to touch it— "***...Ah.***" Finding that it, too, was thicker than she remembered.

“Wait. *Huhuhu... My voice?*” When had it become so *deep* and *raspy*? It made that eerie giggle sound even *more* unsettling, and its deepening was tied to the woman’s *face*. Little by little her body had been growing bigger, and as it had? She had felt more and more worn down. Looking at her face, it finally became clear as to *why* that was. Her lips grew thick and heavy, her nose longer, and dark circles appeared beneath eyes that darkened and grew thick with mascara.

Vague wrinkles had begun to etch themselves into her skin along with Crow’s feet in the corners of her eyes. Her skin *drooped* and *sagged*, and that could be seen in her tits and ass sagging slightly as well. Her breasts had lifted her shirt so that her belly was already bare, but you could see that belly soften as vague stretch marks appeared and it lipped slightly over her pelvis. Purple lipstick was run across cracked lips by an invisible force, and with her outfit *already* in disarray? It didn’t exactly stand out to her that her height had grown several inches.

“*I’m... old?*” It wasn’t a realization so much as it was an *admission*. Because she was *thinking* of herself as an older woman. It didn’t feel *strange*, and there *were* memories there that hadn’t existed before, likely to ease her into her new life and body. As it turned out, it wasn’t *just* her body that was going to change, either. “*Eh?*” The world around the woman suddenly went black. Like *pitch* black. It might have scared her before, and yet there was something *comforting* about the darkness?

She almost felt at *home*.

While Belle could not see anything, she could *feel* that her clothing had changed. Her body no longer felt like sexy toothpaste being squeezed out of a clothed tube, and this was because she was now wearing a long, gothic, purple dress with black tights and matching shoes. There was a pale-purple brooch around her collar with purple lace tied into a bow beneath it, and matching purple pearls hung from her ears. All of this became clear to her when the darkness was replaced by a dim light... of an entire room entirely.

It took a moment for the *Hex Maniac* to adjust not only to her changed body, but the sight of the room around her. She



wasn't sure when it had happened, but she'd suddenly found herself in a dark and dreary apartment. The walls were black and purple, the furniture rustic in an almost *eerie* way. Even the curtains on the windows were tattered. She'd say she couldn't imagine living in such a place, but.. "**Huhuhu... How comforting...**" Evidently, she *could*.

She could recognize that something was wrong. Her name *wasn't* supposed to be *Marianne*, but that was how she perceived herself whenever she thought of herself. Incidentally, that was the name of the account on her phone that was now associated with Spook Shack. "**This isn't me! But... Huhuhu... I guess it's okay if I am?**" Belle *was* still in there, and she was basically in control, but her personality had become so distorted that she kind of *liked* how things now were.

So, what if she was in her forties? What if she wasn't a Proxy anymore? She was a senior member of Spook Shack, and she could still fight within the Hollow if she needed to with her spooky, ghost familiars. "**A shame that I lost so many years, but huu... I'm sure I can make up for it in this new life, hehehe!**" She was, after all, quite wealthy. Even wealthier than Alice in this new reality.

Marianne was the founder *and* bankroller of the group, after all.